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THE ESTRANGED BROTHERS DRIFTING TO DESTRUCTION ON THE FLOOD.

THE DOMESTIC QUARREL.

CHAP. II.

ONE day, in the autumn, shortly after the mowing of the second crop of grass, as Zebulon sat at work, the eldest of his brother's sons entered his room

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without knocking, and, placing himself before the tailor's stall, began: "Uncle Zebulon, my father warns you"—

"Take off your cap," said Zebulon, "whilst you are speaking to your father's brother."

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"My father did not bid me do so," answered the lad, and kept on his cap. "But he warns you that, up yonder, where your meadows begin, the dam is out of repair. Father thinks that it is as much your affair as his, and if you are willing to do something towards it, we will make a new stone dyke and plant willows upon it, and he will then set about it directly."

"Then," said Zebulon, "it is of more importance to him than to me; if the water rise high in the spring, and the embankment be not made secure this autumn, his house will be washed away. Tell your father, moreover, that, in spite of this, I would have helped him, had he not sent such a churl as you to me."

The lad turned his back, and walked away without another word. When he gave the answer to his father, he said, "I am not going to lay out my money to protect the meadows of the niggardly curmudgeon. I am rich, and my corn land lies high; even if my house should be washed away, I can bear it."

Consequently the dam was not made; but the Rhine rose higher than usual that autumn, and when the waters had subsided Zebulon walked to his meadows with an anxious heart. True, part of the old dam was washed away, and a large plot of ground had been uncovered, so that the bare soil lay there, and about an acre and a half choked up with sterile gravel and sand. Zebulon easily estimated that, calculating the inevitable expense of a new dam, he was about a thousand dollars poorer. One moment he considered: "It would have been better if my brother had had the half acre for his house and I the whole acre, which is now altogether ruined." But he dismissed this thought from his mind when he passed by Kaspar's house, along the yet wet towing-path, and found every member of the household employed in baling the water out of the cellar, and the wife wringing her hands because her freshly preserved beans and sourcroure were spoiled in the casks. This sight was, to Zebulon, like oil poured upon a wound.

But soon a new source of irritation arose. In the course of the same autumn he heard the banns of marriage, between his eldest niece Lisa and a young peasant of the neighbourhood, published from the pulpit. They had, then, taken this important step without consulting him, their nearest relation; they had allowed the marriage to be given out from the pulpit before imparting to him a word of it! Lisa was his godchild; besides he had always held her especially dear, and for years had preserved a heavy gold chain, with hanging ducats, for her, which had fallen to him from the inheritance of his mother.

The marriage soon took place; he was not invited, but, as the day was bright and warm, they set the table in the street, close to his house-door. Zebulon watched the merry scene from above, and swallowed his vexation; but when he saw the bride herself, in the beautiful new gown, which he had not cut out and sewn, and which was a bad fit, as he thought, two large bitter tears came into his old eyes. He could not endure the sounds of rejoicing which swelled upwards through the summits of the poplars; he quietly dressed himself, put the gold chain with the clinking, spark-

ling ducats into his pocket, and stepped down stairs.

Had not the evil walls been there, he might have stolen down to the river through the back door, but now he was obliged to go out in front, and pass through the midst of the marriage feast. With slow steps and bowed head he went his way. Lisa saw him and blushed rosy red; her mother saw him and became deadly pale; an ill-natured ironic smile passed over the faces of the guests at this unheard-of, preposterous disregard of all family custom and family love. Kaspar sprang up: I believe he wished to pledge his brother, and I believe also that Zebulon would then have stayed, and that the wedding joy would have healed the long grief. But then the smallest of Kaspar's children called under the table to the large house-dog, which this day, amidst the common joy, had been let loose: "Tiras! Tiras! there is uncle Spindleshanks!" The dog was usually a good creature, that never harmed a child; but the little urchin had once, when he was chained, set him at his uncle in order to frighten him, so now he rushed furiously at his legs. Zebulon, who was prepared for anything, hit him a powerful blow on the teeth with his Spanish pipe, and Kaspar, at the same time, gave him a terrible kick in the side, so that the animal ran away, howling, under the table. But Zebulon looked angrily upon the family, and said: "I am going; why need you drive the nearest relation of your house from his niece's marriage, with dogs?" Then, walking more quickly than before through the assembly, he turned the corner of the neighbouring house.

Silently he took his way through the stubble-fields and meadows to the goldsmith who lived in the next village, had the chain valued, and put the louis-d'or which he received for it into the same pocket from which he had taken it. Then he walked up the market-place to the house of the notary, talked with him an hour, and bade him come to his dwelling in the village early the next morning. After this he turned homewards, and, joining the other guests in the public-house, invited the barber and the farrier, they being the two most arrant gossips in the neighbourhood, to come to his house likewise, early in the morning, as witnesses. He afterwards treated them to the best wine, and played at cribbage with them, for the highest stakes, into the depth of night. In this manner he spent, as was his intention, two of the louis-d'or which he had obtained for the chain. About midnight, when the noise of the wedding was over, he went home and to bed.

At the appointed time both notary and witnesses made their appearance. Zebulon had another relation in the Oberland, whom he could not bear, because, when a girl, she had misconducted herself. To her and her children he now legally bequeathed the family house and his land, as well as all his moveable property, with the clause, that the possession should expire as soon as the heir allowed the wall or the poplar avenue to be destroyed, or sold any portion of the landed property to his brother Kaspar or his descendants. The notary received the rest of the louis-d'or as his due: the last ten groschen piece Zebulon committed to the poor-box on Sunday! He forbade the witnesses to

speak of the subject. They of course made a great noise about it immediately, and in the evening, at the public-house, twenty tongues told the edifying story in confidence to Kaspar.

Gold too often weighs heavier than anything, especially in the country, where the man is estimated by what he has, and frequently the woman likewise. Kaspar soon remarked that he did not pass for half so rich as formerly. It was well known that Zebulon made almost as much from the produce of his garden and his beautiful meadows, besides his tailoring, as Kaspar from his extensive farm, and that he, being childless, could not spend the tenth part of his earnings. Besides, he possessed the solid, well-built family house, whilst Kaspar had only the insecure, damp new building by the water; with twelve children his fortune must have given a forcible example in the fourth rule of arithmetic, and the quotient would be very small. All the old and young peasants in the neighbourhood forthwith made this calculation. A burgomaster's son, from the next farm, had long wooed the saucy Anna, Kaspar's second daughter, (the same who pulled Michael down from his uncle's stairs,) and at Lisa's marriage matters had been almost settled between them; but now he no longer came, and Anna did not long look so interesting as formerly. Kaspar himself had cherished the hope of becoming bailiff in the place of the old one. But, when the election actually took place in the vestry, it was the unanimous opinion that it was not right to appoint one as bailiff who was at enmity with any one in the village, and so the choice fell upon a rich peasant, although he had half a dozen enemies. Added to all this, as he grew older, Kaspar daily received fresh annoyances in his own house. His wife reproached him; she had not really wished to build a house on the bad ground; he, with his obstinacy, was to blame for all ill consequences. The children, in whose hearts the seeds of hatred were early sown, had in their pranks towards their uncle, which their parents continually countenanced, acquired a contempt for age, which was now manifested towards their father. The elder sons and daughters looked upon their parents as the cause that the rich inheritance of their uncle was lost to them; and Anna, who was no longer wooed by any rich suitor, did not now bestow a kind word upon her father and mother. The curse of hatred was branded upon every forehead, and Kaspar, as he solitarily followed the oxen through the field, often thought: "Were we three years younger, I well know what I would do. But now, as it has lasted three years, thus it shall continue until my death!" And with this he hit the oxen such a hard blow with his stick, that they sprang aside and the furrow went awry.

A severe winter came. During the months of January and February it snowed almost incessantly; in the night it froze, and the snow remained on the ground. People on the Lower Rhine looked anxiously forward to the overflowing of the river. So it continued until far into March; then the wind changed from north to south-west, and, in a day, the fields appeared from beneath their covering of snow. The Rhine rose; it would be dreadful if the thaw should come on as suddenly in the Oberland, and if it should last. If the em-

bankment had only been properly made in the autumn! But now it was too late, and some expedient must be thought of. Kaspar learnt, in his anxiety for wife, child, and flock, to humble his proud spirit. Without thin time expecting or asking help of his brother, he drove in a dozen fir stems, in oblique rows, in the place of the dam, in order gently to break the shock of the flood, and bound them together with thick willow hurdle-work. In this way he at least insured himself time to save his most valuable property.

Higher and higher swelled the flood: he was already obliged to convey wife and children away in a boat, for the water stood in his second story. He himself still remained in the perilous building, like a ship's captain who is unwilling to leave the wreck so long as it holds together. He even succeeded, protected by the fir stems which he had driven in, and which formed an excellent defence, in towing along a strong barn-door, and in securing it to the willow hurdle-work, in order to strengthen his fortification. By these means the house received still more protection. It is true, that as the torrent rushed on the firs bent and cracked, but each time they gave way they recovered themselves. If the flood rose no higher—for it now certainly appeared to stand still—the house was saved.

But, one evening, the sky became overcast, the wind veered round due west, and chased the prancing waves direct to the village. The rain fell like a water-spout, the flood increased two feet every hour, and now climbed up Zebulon's house.

Zebulon had flung himself down in his clothes upon his bed in the upper room. As his house had formerly been exempt, he had not made his escape, and had not even provided a boat; but now he would not ask help of his brother, who was also blockaded in his stronghold, and who had a boat. Besides he did not feel much alarmed, for he relied on the firmness of his house. His lamp was burning beside him, and he (with enmity in his heart!) was reading the collect for the day.

All at once he perceived the water welling up through the floor like a clear forest-brook in spring. His hair stood on end; see, there it came, merrily purling over the door-sill. He sprang up, and burst open the door: a whole willow broke against him; and scarcely had he escaped to his tailor's stall when the water stood even with the window. The most dreadful death was before him; if the water continued to rise until it had blocked up the window he must either be crushed beneath the ceiling or choked. He rushed to the window which overlooked the village and called for help, but the noise of the flood and the whistle of the wind rendered his voice mute; the water sparkled up to his breast. On this side there was no deliverance, but towards the river a faint hope remained. There stood, close before the shutter, one of the poplars which he had planted out of hatred. He waded to the bed, folded together a blanket, which was still dry, and fastened it about his neck. Then he climbed cautiously upon the ledge of the window. The poplar was still standing, and stretched a strong branch towards him; close behind it the roof of his brother's house was yet visible above the water. He saw Kaspar, lantern in hand, step into the boat from the highest story;

he called to him, but to hear was impossible. Kaspar forced the boat, with great difficulty, to the fir trees, close upon the dam; but Zebulon climbed up his poplar as high as he found strong branches, and placed himself aloft to wait till day and help should come. Soon being convinced that the water was subsiding as rapidly as it had risen, and was already retreating from the window out of which he had escaped, he began to think of returning.

Then—it was just dawn—the wind rose once more, in short, strong gusts. The flood rushed more wildly, the poplar shook violently, and just as Zebulon was about to commence his retreat he heard, in the direction of the dam, a terrible crash; the roof of the house before him sank with a fearful noise into the flood, and into the whirlpool which arose sank the poplar tree. He clung to it convulsively; the strong stem was whirled round by the waves, tossed up and down, and Zebulon was obliged to join in the dance; now he was a couple of fathoms beneath the surface of the water, now above. Suddenly he received a shock, and felt himself violently thrown from the branch to which he clung upon something hard. His reason forsook him; he felt that the blood was streaming from his nose, and that he was being carried rapidly down the stream with whatever it was upon which he lay. Slowly he collected his senses; when he felt and examined his couch, he found it to be a great barn-door, upon the other end of which sat a man—and that man was his brother Kaspar.

Kaspar had seen, from the rocking of his house, that it could no longer be secure. Therefore he leapt into his boat, but did not dare to pull towards the village, as he might easily have been precipitated in the darkness, by the rising waves, against the summit of a tree, and overturned; but he worked his way through the calm navigable water to his bulwark, for the fir stems still stood erect. There he anchored, protected from storm and current, and observed the abatement of the flood with as much pleasure as Zebulon. But the gust of wind towards morning drove the waves directly towards his shelter, four fir stems at last gave way, and at the same moment the rest broke into shivers. The heavy barn-door was almost precipitated upon Kaspar, and completely struck off the end of his boat. So nothing remained for him but to leap from the sinking bark to the barn-door. The unrestrained flood now rushed on to his house; he, as well as Zebulon, saw it break up, and barn-door and poplar tree flew round in the same whirlpool, which brought them close together and deposited Zebulon upon the more secure bark. When Kaspar saw a man hurled upon the door, his first impulse was to throw him off, in order that the weight should not be too great; but his heart rejected the thought. By the faint morning dawn he recognised, to his astonishment, his hated brother; but he contented himself with moving as far away from him as possible. Thus the two brothers sat opposite to each other, each upon a corner of the door, which rapidly drifted with them down the stream.

When the day clearly broke, a comfortless sight was before them. The clouds were dispersed, the storm had ceased, but a broad expanse of muddy

water stretched before their eyes, whirling along trees, household furniture, and the dead bodies of animals. Boats did not venture into the whirlpool; indeed, when the door approached close to the shore, where people might have seen them, they were too cowardly, or too much engaged with their own misfortunes, to think of the rescue of the brothers. Every moment they were threatened with death, as their bark rushed past deluged trees, or came in contact with beams or other wood-work in the current. Then the wind veered round again to the north, and drove icily through their wet clothes. Zebulon took the blanket which he had fastened round his neck, unfolded it, and, finding it tolerably dry, wrapped it about him; but, nevertheless, his teeth chattered. Then many kind sentences of brotherly love and forgiveness occurred to him in his misery, and lay heavily upon his conscience. But, when he felt inclined to repent, he purposely thought of the obstructed view from his upper room, and of his sister-in-law, but especially of Lisa's marriage, and then his heart again became cold as his hands.

Kaspar, for his part, had a still more troubled conscience, and he murmured softly to himself the Lord's prayer. He, too, became colder every moment; then it suddenly flashed across his mind that, before stepping into the boat, he had put a flask of corn-brandy into his pocket in case of accident. He felt for it—and there it was quite safe; he drew a deep draught, and his eyes sparkled.

At this sight poor Zebulon's teeth chattered still more. Kaspar perceived this, and very slowly, as if he would have counted the words, squeezed out the question:—

“Zebulon, will you have a draught?”

The tailor's face brightened; the necessity was too great, and his heart was touched. A “Yes” trembled faintly upon his lips.

Then Kaspar crept cautiously to the middle of the barn-door, and Zebulon as cautiously to meet him, for they dared not go upright lest their bark should tilt; the one held out the flask, while the other took it and pulled a deep draught.

But, with the warmth which now ran through their veins, pride was again awakened. Zebulon returned the flask, saying: “Thank you,” and turning his back on Kaspar, crawled back to his place.

Again they floated on for about an hour; the sun rose brightly, and the face of nature became more composed. Kaspar, exhausted by the exertions of the previous day and night, could not resist the influence of sleep, and nodded backwards and forwards.

Zebulon saw his brother's danger, and now it was his turn to speak. “Kaspar,” said he, “lie down and sleep, or you will drown me. I will keep watch, and call you when there is any hope of rescue.”

Kaspar did not wait to be twice told, but threw himself down on his face, put his arm under his head, and began to snore. Zebulon crept softly to his side, and taking the blanket, which was now quite dry, from his shoulders, laid it carefully over his brother.

Another hour passed, then Zebulon thought that they were proceeding more slowly. He looked around him and could scarcely restrain his joy, for he distinctly perceived that the head current

was rolling directly from them, whilst they, in calm water, were approaching a black streak, which appeared to be a bank. When he had surveyed all this, he awoke Kaspar.

Kaspar rose, stretched himself, and said: "Yes, I know where we are. That black streak is a dam, and there will be calm water; if we can reach that, we shall be able to get to dry land."

They once more joyfully drank together, and Kaspar returned the blanket to his brother; but all at once he exclaimed: "How is it that we are moving so rapidly when a dam is before us?"

He raised himself cautiously on his feet, and looked eagerly before him. "We are lost!" said he in a loud tone; "the dam has given way, and we are just in the current. Only see how rapidly it rushes on, quicker and quicker every moment! Yonder foams the raging flood: we shall strike, and be lost!"

It was but too true. More rapidly than a steam-boat did the door float on towards the small opening in the dam. "Five minutes more," said Kaspar, and knelt down like a condemned criminal before the axe of the executioner—"now four—now not three."

But Zebulon no longer looked at the hole in the dam, but at Kaspar, and said, in a firm tone: "Brother, shall we step before God's tribunal as enemies?"

Then Kaspar's heart was moved, and, with the ery, "Brother, forgive me," he sank into Zebulon's open arms. But the latter exclaimed: "Thus will we die!" For the first time for four years each felt his blood flow warmly through his veins; for the first time tears of joy again streamed from their eyes.

A violent jerk tore them asunder; both looked towards the dam, and expected death—but the dam was no longer to be seen. Kaspar gazed backwards in astonishment. Behold, there lay the dam behind them: in the moment of their reconciliation death had passed by them, and their bark, as by a miracle, had shot through the opening without striking right or left. They were saved; before them lay high land, upon which the retreating waves slowly washed. Then they once more embraced for joy, and did not release each other until the door gently ran aground on a soft ploughed field.

Arm in arm they entered the neighbouring village, where they dried their clothes and refreshed themselves with food and drink. Willingly would they have spent the night there, but they thought of the anxiety of Kaspar's wife and children. Kaspar sold his barn-door, Zebulon his blanket, and as each had some money upon him they set out upon their journey. All the highways being flooded, they were obliged to seek a circuitous route over the mountains, and it took them three days to traverse the distance which they had passed over in eight hours. But these three days did not appear so long to them as the eight hours, for in this time which they spent together each related to the other all that he had experienced during the space of fully four years; their hearts grew together as firmly as before, and they made plans how they would arrange for their mutual happiness on their arrival at home. But in the village adjacent to that in which they lived they

went to the notary, and Zebulon annulled the will deposited with him.

They arrived, late on the third evening, at the village, and walked to their patrimonial estate. The water was subsiding: the poplars, with the walls which had inclosed them, and the new house, the very apples of discord, had entirely disappeared; but the paternal house still stood firm and unshaken. Kaspar stayed a short distance behind, while Zebulon stole to the corner of the house, and saw his sister-in-law, with her children, who were just housed again after the flood, sitting despondingly in the place of her early presumption. "Pity," said she to the little ones, "your poor father, for the flood has carried him away; but pray also," continued she to the elder children, "for your mother, for she has killed your father and poor uncle Zebulon."

"Not me," cried Zebulon, stepping forward. The children, forgetting all past disputes, clung to him. "And as you sorrow for the past, dear sister-in-law, God has been merciful to you; and since you remember Zebulon, he brings you back your husband."

Then Kaspar came forward, and his wife embraced him with one arm, and Zebulon with the other. But Zebulon said: "Children, we have learnt a good lesson during the last four years; had our sinful quarrel lasted four years longer we might have been reduced to beggary. But now we may get over our misfortunes. To-morrow we will all set to work upon the new dam. You have no need of another house; only come to me: what is mine is yours and your children's!"

THE CRONSTADT OF LONDON.

UNDER this title, to which it has at least as sound a claim as any other place upon the map, we shall glance for a few moments at Tilbury Fort, which, as most of our readers know, stands on the margin of the river Thames, directly opposite Gravesend, at a distance of about twenty-eight miles, east by south, from London. Though a place not much talked about, and of no very great importance, it is yet not without its historical interest. Here, as Englishmen love to remember, queen Elizabeth came when the very existence of England was threatened by the Spanish armada; and here she remained for some time, encouraging her brave soldiers by her presence. The chambers in which she took up her abode are still in existence, being those immediately above the archway of the handsome but now decayed and dilapidated water-gate, which fronts the river. In the days of good queen Bess, however, the place was very different from what it is now, and probably consisted of but a series of rude defences, such as banks and mounds of earth, among which the old block tower was the principal feature. The now existing fortification, which has been called the key to London—a term hardly applicable at the present moment—was designed by sir Martin Beckman, the royal engineer, in the reign of Charles II. It has doubtless undergone many improvements since that time; and, as it stands in an excellent position for opposing resistance to any attempt at the invasion of London by water, it is not likely to want any of the means of

offence included in the appliances of modern warfare, in the event of its becoming the theatre of actual service.

A visit to Tilbury Fort is now, owing to the opening of a new line of railway from Fenchurch-street, one of the most practicable of all the numerous excursions which the modern facilities of locomotion have made available to the Londoner. Tempted by the genial weather, and by the suggestion of a friend inclined for a day's holiday, we extemporized a trip in that direction the other morning. A ride of something over an hour brought us to the parish of West Tilbury, and a walk of ten minutes from the railway station terminated at the entrance to the fort.

The approach to the water-gate, which appears to be the only entrance to the fortress, winds through a covered way furnished with long thirty-two pounders, which, mounted on iron carriages of most convenient construction, peep out of their embrasures upon the river, which they would sweep with their shot. On turning an angle we come upon the water-gate, where a guide takes us in charge, and leads us through such parts of the fort as strangers are permitted to visit. The first spectacle that meets us inside is the agreeable vision of a haymaking party—

"The mower whets his scythe;"

said mower being an artilleryman in his uniform, all but his coat: and the first sound we hear is the crisp, cutting hiss of his rural blade as it shears sharply through the heavy swath of grass. The thought strikes us, "Has the handsome soldier any consciousness that in his rustic character he symbolizes his martial one? does the grass which he lays prostrate at his feet with every stroke remind him of that other 'grass,' his breathing fellow-man, whom it is his legitimate trade to prostrate as suddenly and effectually with that other implement of whose death-dealing thunder he is the master and the minister?"

A very pretty landscape is the inside area of Tilbury Fort, albeit rather confined, and marred a little by the long barrack buildings which partly surround the meadow-land. There is a charming row of old-fashioned cottages, the residences of the officers of the garrison, which the winters of some two centuries or thereabouts have clad in the hoar hue of antiquity, but which the showers and sunbeams of this present year, 1854, have helped to embosom in fresh foliage and fragrant flowers, which in rich and varied colours clasp the old walls in their embrace almost to the eaves of the roof. We are admiring the dexterous mowing of an artilleryman, who beats at that work any clodhopper to the manner born we ever saw, and are listening to the eulogies of our guide, who has a notion that "artillerymen are just the handiest fellows going, and can turn-to at anything," when there is a martial flourish of trumpets heard tan-ta-ra-raing at a distance. It is the summons to dinner-down drop scythe and rake, and off scamper the haymakers to attend to a still more agreeable re-creation.

We follow our guide to the southern bastion, and there we notice that the river might be in a manner raked by the guns of the fortress, and the approach of a hostile squadron be thus rendered

extremely perilous. From the bastion we look across the two moats, and catch a glimpse of the guns lying beyond, and of a furnace for heating balls red-hot before firing. The practice of firing red-hot balls, we are reminded, first originated at the siege of Gibraltar. General Elliott called a council of war to deliberate on the best means of dealing with the floating batteries of the Spaniards, which, being roofed-in, were found to be proof against the shot of the British. "Give it them red-hot!" cried a subaltern, who was suspected to have made too free with the bottle. The recommendation was adopted; balls were heated to a white heat, and showered upon the solid roofs of the enemy; and that same night they were all on fire, and the siege virtually at an end. Since then red-hot shot have taken rank as implements of war; and furnaces are now in use, by the aid of which, at forty minutes' notice, any quantity of balls may be heated ready for firing.

At the first view, Tilbury Fort would appear to be no very serious obstacle to an army approaching it on the land side; but it is in fact safe on that side, and reducible only by attacks from the river—seeing that, by means of the outer moat and its sluices, it would be easy to lay the surrounding country under water, and thus prevent the approach of land forces. Besides the outworks, which are extensive and defended by numerous pieces of various calibre, there are within the fort four bastions of unusually large area, each defended by fifteen thirty-two pounders, and capable of mounting more. In addition to these, howitzers throwing shot of ten inches in diameter, about three times the above weight, are shortly to be mounted. In the rear of the barracks, and farthest from the river, are the powder magazines, the walls and roofs of which are bomb-proof.

The number of the garrison (a hundred artillerymen) at present occupying the fortress, probably does not exceed, if it equals, the number of guns which it could bring to bear upon the enemy in case of need. Should it ever be attacked, it would suffer comparatively little from cannon-shot, as, beyond the curtain facing the river, it presents but few prominent marks for the gunner; but it might be shelled with terrible effect, if opposed by an overwhelming force on the river side. It is one comfort, however, that in case of unavoidable retreat it would not fall into the hands of the enemy, but into the hands of Father Thames, from whose cold embrace it is at this moment only shut out by the sluices of the inner moat, which surrounds it like a river. The moat is one hundred and eighty feet broad, and of considerable depth.

The above is a summer sketch of the spot. In winter the place must be bleak, cold, and desolate enough, exposed as it is to the rough east winds and the river fog, and lying utterly unsheltered by any adjacent highlands. There is a tennis-court for the amusement of the men, and the grassy meadow in the centre, which supplies a crop of hay in the summer, becomes a parade-ground when the hay season is past. A stranger to the art of war, who should be desirous of forming a notion of the science and practice of fortification, without any great expense of time or money, can hardly do better, if he reside within a reasonable distance—and especially if he reside in London—than pay a

visit to Tilbury Fort. It may be looked upon as a model fortification; and the man of peace who shall study it with an observant eye, may thus acquire a more accurate notion of the modes and methods of defending beleaguered places than all his general reading is likely to help him to. We can promise the excursionist, however, little else to interest him in the parish of West Tilbury beyond the fort—though this parish was once the see of bishop Ceadda, or St. Chad, who has the reputation of having converted the East Saxons to Christianity—and though it boasts, or did once boast, the possession of a famous mineral spring. But after inspecting the fort, the visitor can cross the river to Gravesend in the railway company's boat; and there, as at least fifty placards inform us, he can, if he be inclined to feast economically, partake of tea or coffee and unlimited shrimps for ninepence, or he can dine sumptuously at an hotel. In either case we may now leave him pleasantly employed, and wish him the enjoyment of a good appetite.

RUSSIAN CAMPAIGNS IN TURKEY IN 1828 AND 1829.

THE differences existing between Mahmoud's government and the autocrat of all the Russias had been temporarily patched up by the treaty of Akkerman, which had been signed in the town of that name by count Vorontsoff and the privy counsellor Ribeauvillé, on behalf of the czar, and two authorized dignitaries on the part of the Turks. The demands of the court of St. Petersburg were the ratification of the treaty of Bucharest, which guaranteed a general amnesty to the Servians, several advantages to the people of Moldavia and Wallachia, and free egress and ingress through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to Russian commerce, besides renouncing all claims to several fortresses indispensable to the security of the Russo-Asiatic frontiers. This treaty had been signed during the life of the emperor Alexander; but, according to Russian statements, from the very commencement the Porte violated the terms of the treaty, and nothing but the fear of troubling the repose of Europe had restrained Alexander from an open rupture. Meanwhile, political negotiations took place, which were protracted over a space of nearly five years. The rising of the Greeks tended to widen the existing breach, for the Turks attributed this revolution to the secret intrigues of Russia. Indeed, matters were now brought to a crisis, and the sultan, deaf to the dictates of reason and prudence, invaded Moldavia and Wallachia, persecuted the Greeks, and kindled the torch of fanatical warfare.

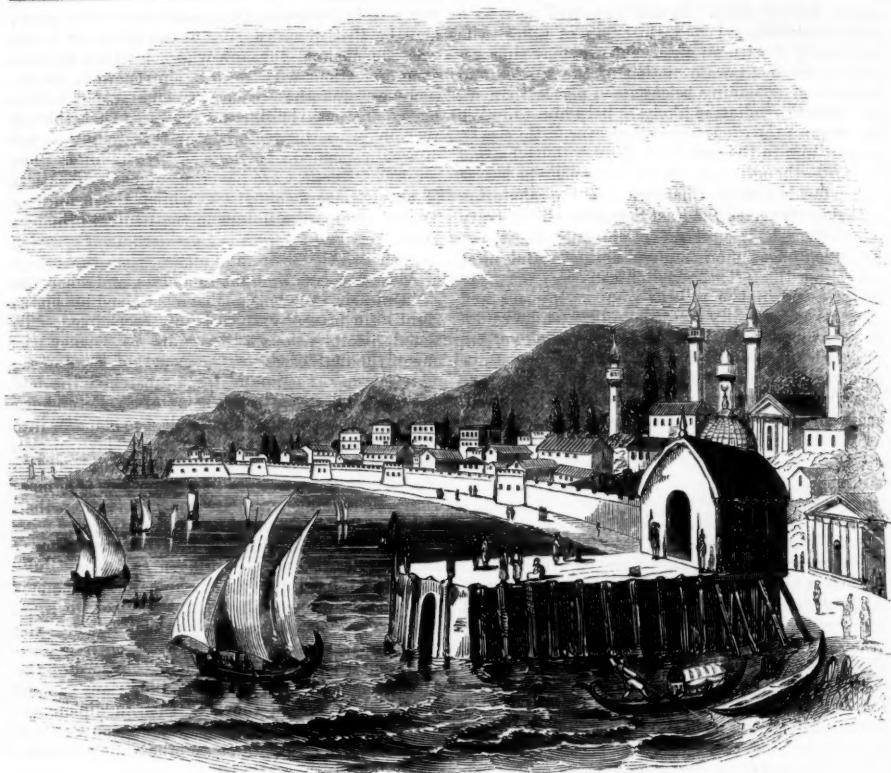
At this conjuncture, the great powers of Europe endeavoured to divert the dangers that threatened Turkey, and proffered their intervention for the restoration of peace. Those offers were accepted, and led to happier temporary results than those which have crowned the efforts of the cabinets of Europe during the negotiations which have at length so disastrously terminated. Possibly Alexander was more open to the dictates of humanity than his successor Nicholas; perhaps, too, he found it politic at that moment to delay the realization of the day-dreams of Russia's ambition. At

any rate he accepted the mediation of the allies, and the British ambassador at the Ottoman Porte was the channel through whose medium friendly communications were once again renewed. Such, however, was the insincerity and suspicion displayed by both belligerent powers, that though verbally peace was restored, the threatening aspect of war remained *de facto in statu quo*. The armies of Russia were hovering upon the frontiers of the Ottoman dominions, whilst the armies of Turkey remained a fixture in the neutral principalities.

Such was the position of affairs when the career of Alexander was brought to a close, and when the rightful heir, Constantine, having waived his birth-right, the present czar was duly proclaimed. To sound his intentions with regard to Turkey was one of the first cares of the court of St. James; and Canning, then minister, despatched the late duke of Wellington to the court of St. Petersburg with powers to engage, if possible, the emperor into an alliance favourable to Greece. This mission was partly unsuccessful. Nicholas volunteered to send a fleet to assist ours in suppressing the massacres then going on in Greece; but further than this he refused to make known his intentions with regard to Turkey, or to accept of the mediation of England in arranging differences. The duke signed a protocol, relying on the parole of the emperor, that recourse should not be had to arms until every effort at pacification had failed. The English parliament found fault with their ambassador for too great credulity in the word of the Russian potentate, deeming the illustrious captain more experienced in the field than in diplomacy. According to some thinkers, Wellington was not deceived; while, according to others, he was grievously duped.

The treaty of 1827, signed in London on the 24th of June, by England, France, and Russia, was shortly afterwards followed by the battle of Navarino—an act which only provoked the sultan to more bitter hatred against Russia. The horse-tail standard insignia of war was planted opposite the seraglio at Constantinople, and the Russians complain that their flag was insulted, their ships detained, the Bosphorus closed to their vessels, and their movements in the Black Sea entirely fettered. They were not then, as now, urging religious reasons as a pretext for war; and, in the estimation of England and France, Russia was strictly honourable and unassuming. However this may be, one thing is certain, that on the 6th and 7th of May, 1828, the Russians, under the command of field-marshals prince Wittgenstein, crossed the Pruth, and by so doing brought affairs to the arbitrament of the sword.

On the side of Russia, according to their own authorities, a vast plan of military operations had been projected, calculated to enfeeble and terrify the Ottomans from several points simultaneously, by united attacks of their land and sea forces in Europe and in Asia, on the Black Sea, and in the Mediterranean. There is little doubt that a similar plan of attack was meditated during the present campaign, and every preparation made for the same; and such was the blind infatuation of the emperor, that he seems to have calculated upon cajoling all the courts of Europe by his bare-faced



VARNA.

propositions and confidential schemes, into a false security—to have mesmerized them, so to speak, into a lethargic indifference, from which they might only be aroused when too late to prevent the accomplished project. In this, however, he has, to his cost, been grievously mistaken; and the consequence is an entire revolution in the proposed system of warfare, which materially paralyzes the success and the prowess of his arms. In Omar Pasha the czar's generals have now to contend with an astute and scientific manœuvre—one competent to detect their devices, and who has hitherto outwitted them in every move, and showed himself their superior.

In the campaign of 1828, count Paskiewitsch, with the army of the Caucasus, fell upon the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, intending by this stratagem to draw off the attention of the European forces of Turkey. According to professor Ustrialoff, 115,000 men crossed the Pruth in three columns, the right almost without a shot subduing Jassy, Bucharest, and Brailow, and so rapidly making themselves masters of Moldavia and Wallachia. The sultan never even made an effort to oppose their progress, or defend vigorously either the Danubian provinces or the line of the Danube, because he knew that should his first army be defeated he had no force to rely upon for the defence of the capital. As it was, the Turkish army was sadly deficient in

numerical force, while it was wholly useless as regards officering and discipline. Mahmoud possessed no able generals in whose skill or courage he could put any reliance, or who could place themselves in a position to obtain accurate information of the movements and proceedings of the enemy. Had he possessed proper means of information, not one Russian would have lived to carry back into Russia the tragic story of that terrible campaign.

Shumla was then, as at present, the headquarters of the Ottoman forces, and Mahmoud's earnest endeavour was, if possible, to secure the passes of the Balkan. Admirals Greig and Heydan commanded the Russian fleet. The former, in the Black Sea, co-operated with the land forces in subjugating Bulgaria, Rumelia, and the eastern shores; while the latter cruised in the Archipelago and the Dardanelles. Herein consists one essential point of difference between the campaign of 1828-29 and the present one; in the former case, the powerful maritime forces of Russia were wholly unchecked, while the Turkish fleet had recently been exterminated almost to the last vessel. On the present occasion, saving the disgraceful affair of Sinope, the navy of Russia has been utterly paralyzed by the powerful armaments of France and England. The Turkish fleet, assisted by the Egyptian, constitute a considerable armament,

which, though incompetent to cope single-handed with the Russians, will prove a terrible addition to the scourge of warfare when assisting its powerful allies in shelling and bombarding the forts or vessels of the enemy. Brailow was besieged by the Russians on the 15th of June, and captured after a sturdy resistance on the part of the Turks, under Soliman Pasha, on the 28th of the same month.

A gigantic work was at this time undertaken by the Russians, animated and encouraged by the presence of the emperor. The Danube, it seems, had quitted its bed by an extraordinary and unseasonable inundation, flooding the country for miles around. To throw a bridge across, it was requisite to construct a causeway, similar to those astounding relics of Roman architecture, which are still the marvel and admiration of travellers. Five versts of this causeway were completed, and the Turks were threatening by cross-fire to annihilate the works, when an accident which occurred facilitated to the Russians the means of clearing the right bank of the Turks and rendering their batteries inoffensive. The Zaporayski Kozaks, who for a long period had dwelt under Ottoman protection near the mouth of the Danube, though retaining the faith of their ancestors, hearing that the great high priest or pope of their faith, the orthodox czar, was with the Russians, went over, guided by superstition, to pay their respects to the autocrat; and, enticed by his insinuating manners, the whole colony migrated to the opposite bank. In so doing, they placed at the disposal of the Russians hundreds of light boats, which enabled the latter to ferry their troops across, who speedily stormed the Turkish batteries, and planted the Russian standard over them.

The Turks on the other side of the river now shut themselves up in their strongholds, amongst which the principal were Silistria, Rustchuk, Varna, and Shumla, each of which fortresses was well garrisoned, but inefficiently commanded. After a fierce struggle, the Russians, under general Rudiger, took up a position near the village of Eski-Stamboul, cutting off the road to Adrianople from the Turks; but on the 26th of August these invaders were repulsed by a sally made under Husem Pasha, who drove out Rudiger and regained the high road to Adrianople.

During the present campaign, on one memorable occasion only, the Russians endeavoured ineffectually to throw a bridge across the Danube, when it is computed that they lost not less than three thousand men, who were chiefly drowned by the bridge being blown away and carried down by the torrent; but hitherto they have made no decisive attack on Shumla, and, from recent repulses and disasters, such a movement is highly improbable.

But to return to '28 and '29. The emperor ordered field-marshal Wittgenstein to remain under Shumla, whilst a force under Menschikoff, which had already crushed Arnapa, marched against Varna to co-operate with the Black Sea fleet, while the division under prince Shtscherbatoff were to make themselves masters of Silistria. The siege of Varna lasted two months and a half. The emperor, arriving from Odessa, took up his head-quarters on board of a line-of-battle-ship, "The Paris." The Turks were gradually driven

in from all the strong outposts they possessed, and the investment of Varna was completed. The reinforcements from the sultan's troops were too tardy on their march to afford any succour to their besieged countrymen, while at the same time it is confidently asserted that treachery was at work. Omer Vrione, an Albanian leader, sallied out of Shumla to assist the twelve thousand Turks who had arrived within seven miles of Varna; a fierce skirmish ensued, in which the Russians at first were worsted and compelled to retreat to an entrenched position near the Dewna lake. Bribery, however, meanwhile, was at work. Yusuff Pasha and the Capudan Pasha could not agree. Two large breaches were made in the walls; and on the nights of the 6th and 7th of October, the Russians penetrated to the very centre of the town, but they were cut down by the Turks to a man. On the 10th of October, Yusuff Pasha went over to the Russians, and the garrison, influenced by his movements, marched out the next morning. The brave Capudan Pasha, with three hundred of the Turks, discovering the treachery when too late, threw themselves into the citadel, declaring they would blow themselves up into the air before they would yield themselves prisoners; eventually they were suffered to retreat unmolested. The dilapidated works of Varna being rapidly restored, and the citadel garrisoned, the Russian army at the foot of the Balkan received orders to fall back over the Danube, where they wintered.

Meanwhile, in Asia, more decisive successes had been achieved by Russian intrigue, strategy, and gold, which left Kars, Erzeroum, and other important points in the hands of the invaders.

In the spring of 1829, the second campaign on the Danube commenced, under general Diebitch, an officer who deemed it not prudent to attempt to force the passage of the Balkan before Silistria was subdued. On the 17th of May, the Russians arrived before that fortress; but the siege was greatly delayed, owing to the non-arrival of the heavy artillery, and because the flooding of the Danube had not yet subsided. Whilst these forces were before Silistria, Redschid Pasha, the vizier, (not the late minister of the same name) had advanced against Roth's division, which encompassed Varna, in a semicircle. A battle ensued, in which the Russians had the worst of it; indeed, they would have been compelled to retire behind their entrenchments, had not general Wachter, with reinforcements, arrived to their succour. General Rynden, with two regiments, pursued the Turks so hotly and imprudently, that an entire regiment got entangled in the defiles, and was cut to pieces. General Roth did not dare to remain in the camp near Eski Amanther. The grand vizier pushed on towards Shumla, but Diebitch brought up 21,000 men, with 94 cannons, in order to put the vizier's forces to flight. On the 11th of June a battle took place which lasted eight hours; in which, though it finally terminated in favour of the Russians, they were so crippled by the obstinate opposition of the Turks that they were totally unable to follow up any advantages. The vizier retreated to Shumla, which place was too strong for the Russians to storm.

On the 30th of June Silistria capitulated, when the corps of General Krasowski relieved Diebitch,

who began his march over the principal chain of the Balkan. The vizier had remained inert till this became known, when he suddenly woke up to a sense of his country's peril. He accordingly withdrew, in August, with 12,000 men towards Selimno, over the rough mountain passes in the west, ready to attack the rear and flank of the enemy should they advance on Adrianople. Diebitch, however, with 22,000 men, frustrated this plan of operation, taking the Turkish artillery and putting the Turks to flight. He then advanced upon Adrianople, where he appeared at the head of 30,000 men on the 17th of August. Halil Pasha, who had not finished his arrangements for the defence of the second city in the empire, and who had only 10,000 men with him, wished to capitulate, and asked for a free passage for himself and his troops. Diebitch insisted that they should lay down their arms, and not go to Constantinople, but to some place in the interior. Fourteen hours were given to consider these terms. During the night Halil Pasha and his troops retired. Muffling, a Prussian general, brought about peace, and the treaty of Adrianople was signed on the 14th of September, 1829. The Turco-Russian campaign was thus ended, the Russians having gained for the time being a sufficient slice of territory to appease the hunger of their ambition. "In this manner," says the Russian author Ustrialoff, "not making for his own empire any demand that had not been admitted by the Porte in former treaties, with the exception of a few fortresses in Asia Minor, the monarch of Russia turned the victories gained by his arms to the advantage of those unhappy nations which until then had suffered under the cruel yoke of the Turks."

It is much to be deplored, even if any reliance is to be placed upon the above statement, that the autocrat of all the Russias, in his zeal for the weal of other nations, should have shown himself, in effecting this imaginary good, so utterly callous to the welfare and health of his own unfortunate troops. Well would it have been if the charitable motives attributed to him by sycophantic subjects had embraced some small consideration for his own brave soldiers—those tools through whose toil and suffering and blood he was carving out projects of monstrous ambition. Relative to the results of this campaign, Curzon gives us the following startling and horrible facts. Referring to Varna, he says, that near it "the unfortunate Russian army was encamped during the war of the year 1829. I say unfortunate, and all will agree with me, if they take into consideration a fact which I write on undoubted authority. When the Russians invaded Turkey in 1828, they lost 50,000 men by sickness alone, by want of the necessaries of life, and by neglect in the commissariat department: 50,000 Russians died on the plains of Turkey, not one man of whom was killed in battle, for their advance was not resisted by the Turks. In the next year (1829) the Russians lost 60,000 men, between the Pruth and the city of Adrianople; some of these, however, were legitimately slain in battle. When they arrived at Adrianople, the troops were in so wretched a condition, from sickness and want of food, that not 7000 men were able to bear arms. How many thousands of horses and mules perished in these

two years is not known. The Turkish government was totally ignorant of this deplorable state of affairs at Adrianople till some time afterwards, when the intelligence came too late. If the Turks had known what was going on, not one single Russian would have seen his native land again. Even as it was, out of 120,000 men (Ustrialoff says 115,000) not six thousand ever recrossed the Russian frontier alive."

This is a fearful fact, yet one which could never have been gleaned from Russian accounts, were we compelled to rely upon such a source for any accurate information. The very act of privately burying the greater mass of soldiers by midnight at Odessa, the other day, after the bombardment of that place by the combined fleet—taken in connection with the sentencing to death of the luckless individual who came upon the authorities unawares during this nocturnal sepulture, and reported the same—goes to prove how little of truth we can hope to glean from the Russians, whilst this secrecy seems to indicate that terrible motives must exist for its forced observance. Death's sickle must mow down multitudes indeed, to intimidate the commanders of powerful hosts into deceit and secrecy even amongst their own people. We conclude with the words of the author from whom we have just quoted. "Since the days of Cain the first murderer," he says, "among all nations, and among all religions, he who kills his fellow creature without just cause is looked upon with horror and disgust, and is pursued by the avenging curse of God and man. What, then, shall be thought of that individual who, without reason, without the slightest show of justice, right, or justifiable pretence, from his own caprice, to satisfy his own feelings and lust of pride and arrogance, destroys for his amusement, in two years, more than 100,000 of his fellow creatures? Shall not their blood cry out for vengeance? Had not each of these men a soul immortal as their butcher's? Had not many of them, many thousands of them perhaps, more exalted virtues and higher talents than their destroyer? Better had it been for that man had he never been born!" Better indeed; especially when to this black catalogue of guilt are now to be appended Sinope; the bleaching bones of thousands in the Drobudscha; the dying, and those yet to die, on the mountain-tops of the Caucasus, by the Danube's banks, or on the shores of the Baltic and the Black Sea. Oh, ambition! how terrible is thy curse!

THE STORY OF AN INVENTOR.

THERE lived in London, at the commencement of the present century, a monomaniac, about sixty years of age, who was accustomed to repair every morning, exactly at sunrise, to one or other of the graveyards of the metropolis, and there gather whatever fragments he could find of partially decayed bones and coffin wood, together with the leaves, and sometimes the roots, of the various plants that grew upon the graves. Having collected as many of these as he desired, he used to hurry with them towards his home, which was a ruinous dwelling in the neighbourhood of Saint Giles, of which he was the sole inhabitant, and in

which he buried himself for the remainder of the day. There, with his coat thrown off and his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, he carefully examined the strange articles procured so strangely, and then subjected them to various chemical operations. The wood he calcined, that he might analyse its ashes; the bones he exposed to the action of strong solvents; whilst the leaves he submitted to that of the alembic. Thus engaged, with his long white hair all in disorder, his clothes covered with stains, and his eyes luminous with a flame which spoke at once of genius and madness, he resembled nothing so much as our ideal of the old alchemists, seeking to discover that wondrous stone which should be capable of transmuting the baser metals into gold. And the likeness was strengthened by the rapid alternations of joy and sorrow, confidence and doubt, which passed across his countenance, indicating that the pursuit in which he was engaged so anxiously could scarcely be directed towards any ordinary end. At one moment it would seem as though he were at last upon the point of realizing some great object, the accomplishment of which he had long sought, but almost without daring even to hope for it. The next, he appeared to despair of being ever able to attain it, and, forsaking his apparatus with a mournful look of discouragement, would turn aside to wipe a tear from his withered cheek. The true nature of the end he sought was never known till after his death, which took place in the January of 1803. It was then discovered, from his papers, that the object of his pursuit had been indeed one of the dreams of the old alchemists—no other, namely, than the elixir of long life.

Yet, though thus, to a certain extent, insane in his later years, this modern disciple of Albertus Magnus was an eminent *savant*, and the author of one of the most valuable improvements in the art of lighting which were ever made before the discovery of coal-gas. Previous to his day, whenever a good artificial light was required by those who could not afford to burn wax candles, recourse was obliged to be had to the old oil lamp, the light of which, though comparatively powerful, was so yellow and unsteady as materially to injure the eyes of those who worked by it, whilst it gave forth smoke and other vapours in such quantities as to be very seriously detrimental to health. By a simple contrivance—for simplicity is the characteristic of all great inventions, as it is of all the processes of nature—he obviated all these disadvantages, causing the oil lamp to consume the greater portion of its own smoke, and enabling it to give a light little inferior in brilliancy and steadiness to that of gas. These objects could be only effected by some means which should supply the interior as well as the exterior of the flame with oxygen, and thus secure the more perfect combustion of the oil; and these means were found to lie in the arrangement of the wick of the lamp round the circumference of a circle, whereby the flame was made to take the form of a hollow cylinder, through the interior of which the addition of a glass chimney could cause the constant ascent of a current of air. This principle of construction will be recognised as that of the "Argand lamp." The name of our monomaniac was Aimé Argand.

He constructed his first lamp in England, about

1782, and shortly afterwards repaired to Paris with the purpose of endeavouring to make his invention benefit his fortunes. There, however, he had the grief to find that he had been fore stalled, one Bonadventure Lange, who had procured one of his lamps in London, having previously brought it to Paris, and claimed the invention as his own. Lange was a man of business talents, which Argand was not, and he had made public his asserted discovery in almost every possible way. He had even laid it before the Academy of Sciences, and had been in consequence elected an associate. All the world was uttering his praises, for the Argand lamp, comparatively, was as great an advance upon all former methods of obtaining artificial light as gas and the electric light have been in our days, and money was rapidly flowing into his purse. Poor Argand was greatly mortified at thus seeing himself despoiled of the honour of his invention and of the profit he had hoped to derive from it, so he challenged Lange to fight a duel, but the latter refused to accept the challenge. Argand had no money, or he would have carried the matter into the courts of justice. As it was, his poverty was so extreme, that in the course of a few months he was reduced to the miserable necessity of either starving outright, or accepting an offer which had been made to him by Lange, and which was to the effect that he and Argand should enter partnership, and divide alike the honour and the pecuniary proceeds of the latter's invention. Humiliating as it was, to save his life he accepted the last alternative; and, accordingly, in January, 1787, letters patent were issued by the French government, which spoke of Lange and Argand as the *joint inventors* of the Argand lamp, and granted to them exclusively the privilege of manufacturing it for the next fifteen years.

Before two years had passed, an immense number of the old lamp-makers petitioned against this privilege, asserting that it had utterly destroyed their trade, since no one would any longer purchase lamps of the old construction. They also instituted processes in the law courts, endeavouring to obtain the annulment of the patent which they said had ruined them, upon the ground that Lange and Argand were not the real inventors of the patent lamp; an assertion which they said was proved by the quarrels upon the subject which had formerly taken place between them. But the courts of justice were not allowed time to decide the question. The revolution broke out and abrogated all patents, so of course that granted to Lange and Argand were lost amongst the rest.

All men were now free to manufacture the Argand lamp; and amongst the most remarkable of those who availed themselves of this freedom was one Quinquet, who slightly altered the shape of the patent lamp, called it by his own name, and gave himself out as its inventor. He was an able man of business, and managed to get nearly the whole of the manufacture into his own hands. Upon all the lamps he made he stamped the name he had bestowed upon them; and in France, Argand lamps have been called "quinquets" ever since. He had painted upon his hat the inscription, "I am Quinquet, the inventor of quinquets!"

Argand's reason gave way under this last blow.

He became a monomaniac, impressed with but one idea—that of discovering the elixir of long life. His reason did not fully return to him till the day of his death, but it did then. On his death-bed he smiled at the foolishness of the pursuit which had engaged the latter portion of his life, and he died stretching his hands in supplication towards Him who could alone bestow the true elixir of immortality, and who has declared that to all those who ask aright it shall be given.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.

THERE is scarcely a country on the map of the earth more interesting to either the Christian inquirer or the student of history than the kingdom of Abyssinia. Situated almost in the centre of the torrid zone, between the land of Egypt, the country of the barbarous Shangalla, the Red sea, and the great African desert, it seems cut off alike from the knowledge and the commerce of Europe. There are, nevertheless, links that bind it to the sympathies of Christendom. Abyssinia was the ancient Ethiopia so often mentioned in the scriptures, and governed by that queen Candace, whose treasurer was instructed and baptized by the apostle Philip. The natives assert that their country was Sheba, and in the days of its ancient glory was governed only by queens; one of whom, having journeyed to hear the wisdom of Solomon, established the Hebrew faith on her return, which continued to be the religion of the land till it was converted to Christianity by the preaching of Philip. The story in the Acts seems, in some degree, to favour this tradition. The treasurer was probably the disciple of Moses before he became that of Christ; and it is certain, that not only did the persecuted Christians of Egypt find refuge in Abyssinia from the pagan Romans and the invading Saracens, but, ever since the middle of the fourth century, the form and profession of Christianity has been maintained in that African land, in spite of continual wars among its different tribes, and with the pagan and Mohammedan nations by whom it is surrounded. The light thus long preserved is, however, but a feeble flame struggling through the thick darkness of degrading superstition, dissolute morals, and general barbarism. The Abyssinian church retains, besides a multitude of minor observances, that peculiar ceremony of the Mosaic law which Christian baptism superseded; it observes both the Jewish and Christian sabbaths; and though never subject to the Romish pontiff, patronized monachism, enjoins the adoration of saints, and does little for the instruction of either people or clergy.

Abyssinia has, moreover, some natural features of peculiar interest. The country consists of mountain chains, with wide valleys, or rather plains, between them. One of the highest of these ridges divides it into two provinces, which, as it were, interchange the seasons. While the tropical winter pours down its continuous rain on the eastern side, the cloudless sky of summer bends over the western. When the rain sets in there, the summer returns to the east, and the natives follow that genial season by migrating with all their flocks across the mountains. The teff, or corn of

Abyssinia, is a grain no larger than the head of a small pin. In its valleys grazes the great galla ox, with horns four feet in length. In its southern hills lie the fountains of the Nile, first made known to Europe by the enterprising and much criticised traveller Bruce. Very few have followed his steps, even in our travelling times. The track lies too far from European civilization. But the latest explorer, Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, has lately published the notes and observations of a pedestrian journey through the whole length of Abyssinia, in a very interesting work.

Like a true and hardy traveller, he assumed the habit and equipments of an ordinary native, wearing the costume and accepting the privations of the country. His dress was a long coarse cotton scarf, with drawers of the same. A red cap, with which he reached the first town, was borrowed of him and never returned; the sandals were given up in less than a month, and for three years Mr. Parkyns says, "I wore no covering to my head, except a little butter when I could get it, nor to my feet, except the horny sole, which a few months rough usage placed under them."

In this primitive equipage the traveller journeyed over the great plains, through deep mountain gorges, and along the base of many a lofty chain, his fowling-piece being his chief dependance for provisions, for the country abounds with game; but the fame and flag of England have penetrated to the heart of Abyssinia, and he found himself respected for their sakes. Many are his strange pictures of shepherd villages, with flocks grazing on the boundless pastures round them; of circular churches, with thatch roofs and pillars of cedar; of mountain fortresses built high on the gray rocks; of towns with earthen ramparts, and merchant caravans with their laden oxen and elephants. Mr. Parkyns also tells us something of the courts and camps of those petty and rather uncertain princes whose wars and usurpations make up the history of the land for ages.

A prince of a somewhat amiable character offered to confer on the English traveller the government of a district called Kohabaita, which, strange to say, is nothing less than the happy valley of Johnson's "Rasselas." The imaginary description given of it by the learned doctor, if at all true in Abyssinia's ancient and better days, is far different from the present appearance. Mr. Parkyns describes it as a deep marshy valley, surrounded by high and sandy hills, on the steeps of which poor villages are built, whose inhabitants cultivate millet, and depend for water all the dry season on what the sand flats retain of the winter rains. Our traveller thought proper to decline that preferment, particularly as he would have been obliged to defend his province continually from a neighbouring tribe.

He describes the people of Abyssinia in general as rude, but hospitable; low in their domestic morals, backward in all the arts of life, and addicted to many singular and silly superstitions. By one of these, all blacksmiths are regarded as possessed of supernatural powers; and a story which Mr. Parkyns found in high credit, illustrates at once the ignorance and credulity of the people. A certain old woman in the neighbourhood of Adoua, to all appearance died, and was

buried; but on the following night the priest, who in Abyssinia acts as sexton also, was visited by a noted blacksmith, who for a consideration obtained leave of his reverence to remove the body privately. After this, it was remarked that the blacksmith rode a remarkably fine ass, which, as it passed the houses of the deceased woman's married sons, on the way to market, always brayed loudly, and endeavoured to enter their doors. One of the sons at length began to suspect that there must be something magical in the business. By his instigation a rising of the village took place, the blacksmith was seized, ass and all, the priest gave his evidence against him, and the sorcerer confessed that his ass was the young men's mother, who had not died, but had been cast into a trance by his art, and afterwards transformed into the quadruped he rode to market. His power extended no farther than the body; the human feelings and memory remained; hence the recognition of her children. The blacksmith offered, provided his life were spared, to restore the old woman's wonted appearance. Mr. Parkyns could not learn the mode of exorcism, but when it was almost complete, one of the young men, overcome by anger, forgot the promise the family had made, and ran the sorcerer through with his spear, to the great misfortune of the old woman, for one of her feet had not been disenchanted, and it remained asinine.

One cannot read these accounts of a far distant and half barbarous, yet remarkable country, without feeling how much our free and enlightened England owes to the Providence that has so largely blessed her. Let us hope the debt will be in some sense acknowledged by our missionary enterprise abroad, and our prayerful endeavours at home, that the knowledge of the Lord may cover the earth, and that nations may rise up to call our country blessed.

PILGRIMAGES.

In all ages of the world, man has been led by a powerful impulse of his nature to visit those spots which have become distinguished as the scenes of great and important actions, or the abode of remarkable personages. The operation of this natural feeling has acquired much greater strength when it has been combined with superstition. There then arose a conviction that the object of his worship was gratified by this act of attention, and that his favour was thereby secured to the votary.

The abuses of *pilgrimage*—as the practice of taking journeys to celebrated temples and other places of devotion has been termed—was early discerned, and some of the more pious fathers of the church preached and wielded the pen against the practice. But piety and eloquence were alike vain, and little availed to stem the torrent. The church, as she advanced in corruption, improved in worldly wisdom; and, taking pilgrimages under her protection, made it a part of her penal discipline. Going on pilgrimage was

"A nostrum famous, in old popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes;
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish Parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat."

Each year saw the number of the pilgrims augment; and the great body of the people—those who stayed at home at ease—were taught to hold a pilgrim in great respect and veneration wherever he was pleased to sojourn, as an especial favourite of the divinity, inasmuch as he had been admitted by him to the glorious privilege of visiting the sacred places, a portion of whose sanctity it was thought adhered to him.

During the eleventh century, the belief in the merit and even the obligation of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, in the sight of God, was as firmly impressed on the mind of every nominal Christian, be his rank what it might, as that of the necessity and advantage of one to the kaaba of Mecca is to the apprehension of the followers of Mahomet; and in the degraded state of the human intellect at that period, a pilgrimage was deemed adequate to the removal of the guilt of crimes of the deepest die. "The roads," says Gibbon, "were covered with multitudes of either sex, and of every rank, who professed their contempt of life so soon as they should have kissed the tomb of their Redeemer. Princes and prelates abandoned the care of their dominions; and the members of these pious caravans were a prelude to the armies which marched in the ensuing age under the banner of the cross."

So late as 1524 a book was published, entitled "The Information for Pilgrims unto the Holy Land." It was printed by Wynkyn de Worde. There is a description of this volume in the "Retrospective Review" (vol. ii. p. 324). "Succeeding the title is a table of routes and distances, measured in leagues and miles, to all those places visited by pilgrims; and after that a statement of the 'change of money for England to Rome and to Venice.' This is followed by sundry directions concerning provisions, modes of travel, contracts with masters of vessels, a list of havens to be touched at between Venice and Jaffa, &c. &c. A short itinerary of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem is then given, and an account of several visits which were made round the city to other sacred spots, as the Mounts of Olives and Zion, the valleys of Jehosaphat and Siloam, the cities of Bethlehem, Bethany, and Nazareth, and the river Jordan."

But the principal object of this paper is to place before the reader some notices of the "holy places" in this country, and of the doings there. We therefore proceed with our purpose.

The news of Thomas à Becket's assassination created extraordinary excitement. Every one believed him to be a martyr, and that miracles would be wrought at his tomb. After his interment, crowds of the afflicted repaired to the spot, where the lame recovered the action of their limbs, the blind received sight, the sick were healed, and many other notable miracles, as Gervase the monk informs us, were performed. While the enthusiasm was so universal, messenger after messenger, "hot with haste," arrived in Rome with fresh tidings of prodigies, and supplications that Becket might be made a tutelary saint for the blessing and protection of England. This favour was at last most graciously vouchsafed by the pope; and the 29th of December—the day on which the saint was murdered—was assigned him in the calendar.

After his canonization, Becket's shrine at Canterbury became, and for ages continued to be, the

favourite resort of the superstitious. Pilgrims of the highest rank crowded to visit the scene of the martyrdom, and did not quit it without leaving their oblations. In 1177, Philip, count of Flanders, came hither to meet king Henry II. In June, 1178, king Henry, on his return from Normandy, paid another visit; and, in the next month, William, archbishop of Rheims, came over from France with great and imposing retinue, to pay his vows to St. Thomas, where the English monarch received him honourably. On the 23rd of August, the following year, Louis VII, king of France, came to Canterbury with Henry II, and a great and brilliant train of nobility of both nations. "The oblations of gold and silver made by the French were incredible. The French king came in manner and habit of a pilgrim; was conducted to the tomb of St. Thomas in solemn procession, where he offered his cup of gold, and a royal precious stone, with a yearly rent of one hundred *muids* (hogsheads) of wine for ever to the convent, confirming the grant by royal charter, under his seal, delivered in form."

During the two following centuries, devotees to the shrine of this most popular saint in the Romish calendar increased daily.

"And especially from every shire's end
Of Engle-land to Canterbury they wend,
The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
That them hath holpen when that they were sick."

Gifts and offerings came in so fast, that his shrine grew as famous for its riches as for its holiness. Erasmus, who visited it in 1510, says: "A coffin of wood which covered a coffin of gold was drawn up in ropes and pulleys, and then an invaluable treasure presented itself. Gold was the meanest thing to be seen there; all shone and glittered with the rarest and most precious jewels of an extraordinary bigness; some were larger than the egg of a goose." He adds, that when this glorious show was offered to view, the prior took a white wand and touched every jewel, telling what it was, the French name, the value, and the donor of it, for the chief of them were the gifts of monarchs and the most powerful and wealthy of their nobility. If vanity was mixed with the superstition of those days, this was a sure way of increasing the number and value of new decorations to the shrine, such as might do honour to future benefactors, were their station ever so highly exalted.

Glory and beauty were being constantly added to this shrine, when Henry VIII put a stop at once to its further decoration or enlargement by seizing on the treasures and estates of the monastery. The commissioners who were sent down by Cromwell to do the king's bidding, executed their task so well that they filled two immense coffers with gold and jewels, each of them so heavy that it required eight strong men to lift it. The bones of the saint were "then and there" burnt to ashes, in September, 1538.

The image of "Our Lady of Walsingham," in Norfolk, was also for ages resorted to by all ranks of people, from the king to the peasant, by foreigners as well as natives; and was held in the highest veneration for the various miracles, &c., ascribed to her. Erasmus says that there was scarce a person of any note in England but what

some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present there.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, Sir W. Yelverton wrote a letter to his cousin, John Paston, in which he says: "Right worshipful cousin, I recommend one to you, thanking you as heartily as I can for myself, &c., and especially for that ye do so much for our lady's house of Walsingham, which I trust verily ye do the rather for the great love that ye deem I have thereto; for truly if I be drawn to any worship or welfare, and discharges of mine enemies' danger, I ascribe it unto our lady."

Edward IV and his queen made a pilgrimage to Walsingham, in May, 1469, as we read in a letter from James Hawte to Sir John Paston: "As for the king, as I understand, he departs to Walsingham upon Friday com sev'nigh, and the queen also, if God send her health."

In the year 1470, John Paston writes to his mother to tell her that the duchess of Norfolk would visit Norwich on her way towards Walsingham. She went there probably to offer at our Lady's shrine, to obtain through her intercession deliverance from some danger. This lady, accompanied by her husband, paid another visit to Walsingham, on foot, in September, 1471. In 1478, Henry Stafford, duke of Buckingham, went on pilgrimage to Walsingham.

To show what constant tribute was paid to "our lady of Walsingham," we will give a few extracts from the "Household book of the earl of Northumberland":—Sect. 43. Item: My lord useth yearly to send afore Michaelmas for his lordship's offering to our lady of Walsingham—4d. Item: My lord useth and accusometh to send yearly for the upholding of the light of wax which his lordship findeth burning yearly before our lady of Walsingham, containing eleven pounds of wax in it after—7d. Ob. For the finding of every pound ready wrought by a covenant made with the chanon by great, for the whole year, for the finding of the said light burning—6s. 8d. Item: My lord useth and accusometh to send yearly to the chanon that keepeth the light before our lady of Walsingham, for his reward for the whole year, for keeping of the said light, lighting it at all service times daily throughout the year—12d. Item: My lord useth and accusometh yearly to send to the priest that keepeth the light, lighting of it at all service times daily throughout the year—3s. 4d."

We have a curious picture of the manner in which home-pilgrimages were prosecuted and set about in the fifteenth century. It came out during the examination for heresy of William Thorpe, by the archbishop of Canterbury, in 1407.

"Ungracious louisel!" said the archbishop, addressing his victim, "thou favourest no more truth than an hound. Since, at the road at the north door at London, at our lady at Walsingham, and many other divers places in England, are many great and praisable miracles done, should not the images of such holy saints and places be more worshipped than other places and images where no such miracles are done?"

Thorpe was accused by archbishop Arundel of having asserted that "those men and women who go on pilgrimages to Canterbury, to Beverley, to

Walsingham, and to any other such places, are accursed and made foolish, spending their goods in waste." Thorpe, in effect, admits such to be his opinion, and in justifying himself, is led into the following lively description of what the fashionable pilgrimages of the time really were.

"Examine," he says, "whosoever will, twenty of these pilgrims, and he shall not find the men or women that know surely a commandment of God, nor can say their *Pater-noster* and *Ave-Maria*, nor their *Credo*, readily in any manner of language. The cause why that many men and women go hither and thither now on pilgrimages, is more for the health of their bodies than of their souls; more to have riches and prosperity of this world than to be enriched with virtues in their souls; more to have here worldly and fleshly friendship than for to have friendship of God and of his saints in heaven."

He contends that such persons as these spend much money and time in seeking out and visiting the bones or images of this or of that saint, do that which is in direct disobedience to the commands of God, inasmuch as they waste their goods partly upon innkeepers, many of whom are women of profligate conduct, partly upon rich priests, who already have more than they need.

"Also, sir," he concludes, "I know well that when divers men and women will go thus after their own wills, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will ordain with them (arrange with one another) before to have with them both men and women that can well sing wanton songs, and some other pilgrims will have their bagpipes; so that every town they come through, what with the noise of their singing, and with the sound of their piping, and with the jangling of their Canterbury bells, and with the barking out of dogs after them, they make more noise than if the king came there away with all his clarions and many other minstrels."

"Lewd wasel!" replied the archbishop, determined at all risks to defend all this unseemly merriment, "thou seest not far enough in this matter. I say to thee, that it is right well done that pilgrims have with them both singers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoot striketh his toe upon a stone and hurtest his sore, and maketh him to bleed, it is well done that he or his fellow begin then a song, or else take out of his bosom a bagpipe, for to drive away with such mirth the hurt of his fellow. For with such solace the travel and weariness of pilgrims is lightly and merrily brought forth."

The archbishop was evidently of the mind of the host in Chaucer:—

"Ye gon to Canterbury—
The blissful martyr quritte you your meeds;
And wel I wot, as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapen you to talken and to play;
For truly comfort ne mirth is none
To ride by the way dumb as the stone."

Erasmus informs us that Walsingham was almost entirely supported by the vast numbers of persons who came to make their offerings to the Virgin. In the church in which the image stood was a little chapel of wood, into which the pilgrims were admitted from each side by a narrow door. There was scarcely any light, except that of the

gratefully odorous wax-tapers; but a person looking in would say that it was an abode of the gods, so bright and resplendent it was all over with jewels, gold, and silver.

In 1538, Henry VIII stripped the magnificent shrine of all its treasure, and dissolved the religious house of which it was the pride and the support. The wonder-working image, with those of Ipswich, Worcester, and many others, were all taken away at the instance of Cromwell; those of Walsingham and Ipswich were brought up to London, "with all the jewels that hung about them," and along with the rest were burned at Chelsea.

The church of the priory of St. Leonard, at Norwich, was famous in the fifteenth century for the resort of pilgrims to the images of the holy Virgin, the holy cross, and St. Anthony; but became afterwards much more famous by the visitation of pilgrims far and near, to the image of king Henry VI, by whose miraculous efforts great cures were supposed to be performed. We find Margaret Paston writing to her husband to inform him, "that my mother behested (vowed) another image of wax of the weight of you,* to our lady of Walsingham, and she sent four nobles (1L 6s. 8d.) to the four orders of friars at Norwich, to pray for you, and I have behested to go on pilgrimage to Walsingham and St. Leonard's for you."

Such were some of the puerilities, if we may call them by so gentle a name, which the light of the Reformation swept away.

HOW CAN I GET OUT?

"MANY have puzzled themselves," says John Newton, "about the origin of evil. I am content to observe that there is evil, and that there is a way of escape from it; and with that I begin and end." One of the most exquisite mechanisms of torture devised by the Hohenstaufen family, during the height of their despotic control, was a cell which gradually shrunk in upon itself, the walls day by day contracting, till the prisoner was finally crushed in the pressure of their embrace. For a day or so he would perceive no alteration—at first he would doubt the evidence of his senses; but at last the fearful truth would burst upon him that day after day the dimensions of his cell became smaller, and that in its slow but certain contraction he would, if he remained, be finally destroyed. Suppose that a door opened to him, and a voice said: "Escape for your life—now is the time. To-morrow will be too late." Is it likely he would sit down and say, "I do not understand the principle of this complex piece of mechanism. I prefer investigating it, and will stay behind for the purpose?" And yet what does the man around whose heart sin is gradually winding itself closer and closer do but this when he rejects Christ's gospel? Human reason alone tells him that a heart swathed in the bandages of wrath, or pleasure, or passion, can never, until released, be fit for the peace and love of heaven. Experience tells him that the terrible thralldom is every day becoming closer and closer, so that soon he must be crushed in its folds. The gospel tells him, escape for thy life! And why, oh, reader, when thy only thought should be about such escape, wilt thou sit down and speculate upon the causes of thy imprisonment?—causes unto which, when thus confined, thou canst never penetrate. Fly through the open door, and in the omniscience of the next world thou wilt know why sin was permitted for time. Take heed lest, by remaining where thou art, thou findest that for the impenitent sin is the portion for eternity.

* This offering of an image of wax, the weight of the person for whose good it was provided, is a very curious circumstance.

Varieties.

THE POSTING SYSTEM IN RUSSIA.—There is perhaps no other country in Europe wherein travelling is so wretched as in the dominions of the czar. Yet it is singular that, notwithstanding the detestable way in which the posting arrangements are managed, there is no point, according to Mr. Oliphant, who lately passed through the country, upon which the Russians pride themselves more highly than upon the facilities which they allege to exist for travelling. “I have seldom,” he says, “been in the company of a Russian more than a few minutes, without his asking me whether I did not consider that posting in Russia was unequalled in the world, since it combined at the same time comfort with economy, and safety with rapidity. Upon which I reply, that ‘I can discover no comfort in a room in a post-hut, with a mud-floor, no window, and no furniture.’ ‘What!’ says he, amazed, ‘you surely don’t get out at the post-houses?’

“Well,” continues Mr. Oliphant, “I admit the economy of the system, but demur to the idea of its being safe travelling, as sundry visions of broken-down wheels and steep ravines rise before me. My Russian friend triumphantly informs me that ‘he has just accomplished 12,000 versts in three months, without an accident.’ ‘Or getting out at a post-house?’ ‘Of course not; why should I get out at a post-station when I have got a comfortable carriage to sleep in?’ ‘Well, at any rate, you will allow that the delays for horses are most annoying, and the station-masters very insolent—the travelling is only rapid when absolutely *en route*.’ ‘Ah! for you strangers it is impossible to get horses; if you don’t speak the language, you will be both cheated and insulted; but it is very different with us, who know that, to manage such *canaille*, blows, and not roubles, ought to be abundantly bestowed.’

“And so my opponent walks proudly off, satisfied that, because he has journeyed 12,000 versts in three months—during which time he has thrashed, on an average, twelve station-keepers a day, lived entirely on black bread, slept every night in his carriage, and never changed his clothes,—the comforts of travelling in his country are unequalled in the world.”

FUNERALS IN PARIS.—All funerals in Paris are performed by one chartered, registered company. They have got a privilege, a concession, a monopoly from the government. If you die in the Roman Catholic faith, nobody else can bury you. They have an office that is open fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; they own five hundred black horses, eighty hearses of various sizes, (one expressly for giants,) drivers, mourners, bier-carriers, carpenters, drapers, without number; they have shields and armorial bearings ready painted for all the titled families in Paris; they have hangings for doorways and churches, with every combination of embroidered initials in the alphabet; they supply water—whether blessed or not makes no difference; they undertake everything with nothing, do the whole, and then send your executors and survivors a swinging bill. The tariff of prices shows that there are *pompes* from 3907 francs down to 5 francs.

A TRAVELLING HOTEL.—A Paris correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, in a letter lately written, gives the following account of a novel mode of travelling in France. He remarks as follows:—“If we are in advance of the world in sea yachts, the French have beaten us in the article of railroad yachts. A rich capitalist, Monsieur the count of L., has invented and superintended the construction of a railroad hotel for his own private use, with which he intends to travel with his family over all the railroads of France. It is a complete house, with all its dependencies, principal and accessory. There is a parlour, bed-rooms with beds, billiard-room, kitchen, office, a cellar, ice-house, &c.; in one word, all the elegance and the comfort, the useful and the agreeable of a dwelling the most complete and the most rich. It is very long, and, like all French cars, very wide. It is made so that it can be transferred from one set of wheels to another, though that seems of no importance, since the roads of France are all, I believe, of the same wide gauge. This travelling hotel has cost its proprietor about fifty thousand francs, and is at this moment attracting great attention at the dépôt of the Orleans railway.”

THE LAW OF UMBRELLAS.—A correspondent of the *New York Knickerbocker* says he wishes to lay down the moral law on the subject of umbrellas, which people should observe. Some who make great pretensions have a slender appreciation of the *meum* and *tuum* in particular cases. The very judge who condemns a criminal to the penitentiary, if the law were rightly executed, which he expounds, is often himself a thief! Will he tell us in what code it is laid down that umbrellas are a thing in common—that they may be seized upon and appropriated, wherever found, without consideration? This, then, O honest man! is the *Law of Umbrellas*.—“Section I. If you are away from home, and caught suddenly in a shower, and you see an umbrella standing in some corner, for which there appears to be no owner, and, being much in need of it, to save you from a wet jacket you take it *sans ceremonie*—that is *stealing*. Section II. If you have a cotton umbrella, and in your haste to get away, or because the lights in the hall are dim, exchange it for a neat silk one—that is *stealing*. Section III. If, in stress of weather, you borrow one from an obliging friend, who insists on your taking it, and do not impress it upon your recollection to restore it to him the next day—that is *stealing*. Section IV. If you find a stray umbrella in your house, which has been accidentally left, and you give it a outhouse, without making any effort to find the bereaved owner—that is *stealing*.”

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A WOLF.—A few days ago a M. Louit, proprietor of an estate situated on the confines of the Ardèche and the Haute Loire, had gone up to his bedroom, and was about to lie down. Having opened the window to close the shutters, he distinctly heard the noise of an animal splashing in the river, the overflowing waters of which were beating against the wall of his house. Believing that it was the dog, he sent his son, a lad 11 years old, across the garden to take him in. Hardly, however, had he given the order when he repented it. The animal, which could now be seen by the light of the moon, had no ordinary aspect. Having reached the shore, the real dog began to bark in a very singular manner, and climbed up the wall of the inclosure, scented the approach of an enemy. The father, who could no longer be mistaken about the nature of the nocturnal visitor, wildly cried to his son not to advance. It was too late; the lad had already left the garden, the door of which was violently closed by the wind, and was thus left to prey to the ferocious beast. Indeed, the wolf perceived him, and was hastening towards his prey, howling most frightfully, which put in motion the whole household. The lad would no doubt have been torn to pieces had not the dog, understanding the danger of his young master, placed himself between them, engaging in a terrible struggle. Arrested in his leap, the wolf turned his fury towards this adversary. Defended by his collar, the dog opposed a fierce resistance, and bit his assailant most unmercifully. Meanwhile the lad tried in vain to open the door. The wolf, having at length succeeded in throwing down the dog, was about strangling him by his weight and mortal huggings, when M. Louit appeared on the wall with a loaded gun in his hand. He directed the shot against the ferocious beast, which wounded him in the forehead and rendered him still more furious. He tore to pieces the dog, and the boy would most likely have experienced the same fate if the door had not been opened to him at that moment. On the following day the body of the wolf was found about 200 steps from the house, buried under a mass of snow, which had fallen the same night. He was four feet long, exclusive of the tail, and might weigh about 240lb.—*Courier de la Drôme et de l’Ardèche*.

A HISTORICAL BUTCHER.—One of the butchers of Dantzig, who is making arrangements for the procuring of cattle for the combined fleet, is now relating how he had the honour of furnishing meat to lord Nelson’s fleet and to Napoleon’s army, when the one was in the Baltic and the other in Pomerania. The worthy old man, who is much respected, supplied also the Russian army in 1830; but on that point he maintains perfect silence.